

The Forest Republican.

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TIONESTA, PA., SEPTEMBER 29, 1875.

\$2 PER ANNUM.

Table with 2 columns: Description of advertising rates and corresponding prices. Includes 'Rates of Advertising' and 'Legal notices at established rates.'

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

MEETS every Friday evening, at 7 o'clock, in the Hall formerly occupied by the Good Templars. A. B. KELLY, N. G. A. RANDALL, Sec'y.

TIONESTA COUNCIL, NO. 342.

O. U. A. M.

MEETS at Odd Fellows' Lodge Room, every Tuesday evening, at 7 o'clock. J. T. DALE, Sec'y.

P. M. CLARK, R. S.

Dr. W. W. Powell,

OFFICE and residence opposite the Lawrence House, Office days Wednesdays and Saturdays.

J. B. AGNEW,

Attorney at Law, - Tionesta, Pa. Office on Elm Street.

May 16, 1875-4f

E. L. Davis,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, Tionesta, Pa. Collections made in this and adjoining counties.

MILES W. TATE,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

1st Street, TIONESTA, PA.

F. W. Hays,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, and NOTARY Public, Reynolds Hukill & Co.'s Block, Seneca St., Oil City, Pa.

P. KINNEAR, N. R. SMILEY,

KINNEAR & SMILEY,

Attorneys at Law, - - Franklin, Pa.

PRACTICE in the several Courts of Venango, Crawford, Forest, and adjoining counties.

R. C. & M. V. LAWSON,

Barbers and Hairdressers, Smeat-baugh building, Elm St. Switches, Frizzes, Braids, Curis, &c., made from Combs. Having settled permanently in this place, they desire the patronage of the public. Satisfaction guaranteed. 15-3m

NATIONAL HOTEL,

TIDIOUTE, PA.

W. D. BUCKLIN, - PROPRIETOR.

First-Class Licensed House. Good stable connected. 13-1y

CENTRAL HOUSE,

BONNER & AGNEW BLOCK, L. AGNEW, Proprietor. This is a new house, and has just been fitted up for the accommodation of the public. A portion of the patronage of the public is solicited. 46-1y

Lawrence House,

TIONESTA, PA., WILLIAM LAWRENCE, PROPRIETOR. This house is centrally located. Everything new and well furnished. Superior accommodations and strict attention given to guests. Vegetables and Fruits of all kinds served in their season. Sample room for Commercial Agents. 4-17-1y

FOREST HOUSE,

S. A. YARNER PROPRIETOR. Opposite S. Court House, Tionesta, Pa. Just opened. Everything new and clean and fresh. The best of liquors kept constantly on hand. A portion of the public patronage is respectfully solicited. 4-17-1y

C. B. Weber's Hotel,

TYLERSBURGH, PA. C. B. WEBER, has possession of the new brick hotel and will be happy to entertain all his old customers, and any number of new ones. Good accommodations for guests, and excellent stabling. 10-3m

Dr. J. L. Acomb,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, who has had fifteen years' experience in a large and successful practice, will attend all Professional Calls. Office in his Drug and Grocery Store, located in Tidouete, near Tidouete House.

IN HIS STORE WILL BE FOUND

A full assortment of Medicines, Liquors Tobacco, Cigars, Stationery, Glass, Paints, Oils, Cutlery, all of the best quality, and will be sold at reasonable rates.

DR. CHAS. O. DAY, an experienced Physician and Drugist from New York, has charge of the Store. All prescriptions put up accurately.

H. H. MAY, JNO. P. PARK, A. B. KELLY,

MAY, PARK & CO.,

BANKERS

Corner of Elm & Walnut Sts., Tionesta.

Bank of Discount and Deposit.

Interest allowed on Time Deposits.

Collections made on all the Principal points of the U. S.

Collections solicited. 18-1y.

D. W. CLARK,

(COMMISSIONER'S CLERK, FOREST CO., PA.)

REAL ESTATE AGENT.

HOUSES and Lots for Sale and RENT. Wild Lands for Sale.

I have superior facilities for ascertaining the condition of taxes and tax deeds, &c., and am therefore qualified to act intelligently as agent of those living at a distance, owning lands in the County.

Office in Commissioners' Room, Court House, Tionesta, Pa.

4-4-1y. D. W. CLARK.

F. F. L.

WANTED.—Everybody to know that Four-Fold Liniment is the leading Liniment for curing all kind of Pains and Ruptures, and for Horses, Cattle, &c., is the most successful Liniment in the market. See circulars around bottles. Sold by all Druggists. 39-1y eom

Painting, Paper-Hanging &c.,

E. H. CHASE, of Tionesta, offers his services to those in need of

PAINTING, GRAINING, CALCIMINING, SIZING & VARNISHING, SIGN WRITING, PAPER HANGING, AND CARTRIDGE WORK.

Work promptly attended to and Satisfaction Guaranteed.

Mr. Chase will work in the country when desired. 13-4f.

NEW HARNESS SHOP,

JUST opened next door north of the Lawrence House. The undersigned is prepared to do all kinds of work in his line in the best style and on short notice.

NEW HARNESS

A Specialty. Keeps on hand a fine assortment of Curry Combs, Brushes, Harness Oil, Whips, and Saddles. Harness of all kinds made to order and cheap as the cheapest. Remember the name and place W. WEST, North of Lawrence House, Tionesta, Pa. 14-1y

MRS. C. M. HEATH,

DRESSMAKER, Tionesta, Pa.

MRS. HEATH has recently moved to this place for the purpose of meeting a want which the ladies of the town and county have for a long time known, that of having a dressmaker of experience among them. I am prepared to make all kinds of dresses in the latest styles, and guarantee satisfaction. Stamping for braiding and embroidery done in the best manner, with the newest patterns. All I ask is a fair trial. Residence on Water Street, in the house formerly occupied by Jacob Shriver. 14-1y

Frank Robbins,

PHOTOGRAPHER,

(SUCCESSOR TO DEMING.)

Pictures in every style of the art. Views of the oil regions for sale or taken to order. CENTRE STREET, near R. R. crossing, SYCAMORE STREET, near Union Depot, Oil City, Pa. 20-4f

PHOTOGRAPH GALLERY.

ELM STREET, SOUTH OF ROBINSON & BONNER'S STORE.

Tionesta, Pa.,

M. CARPENTER, Proprietor.

Pictures taken in all the latest styles of the art. 26-1f

ELGIN WATCHES.

L. KLEIN,

(in BOVARD & CO.'S Store, Tionesta, Pa.)

PRACTICAL

WATCHMAKER & JEWELER,

DEALER IN

Watches, Clocks, Solid and Plated Jewelry, Black Jewelry.

Eye Glasses, Spectacles, Violin Strings, &c., &c.

Will examine and repair Fine English, Swiss or American Watches, such as Repeating, Independent Seconds, Stem Winders, Duplex, Levers, Anchors and Levers, and will make any new pieces for the same, such as staffs, Forks, Pellets, Wheels, Pintons, Cylinders, Barrels, Arbors, and in fact any part pertaining to fine watches.

All Work Warranted.

I can safely

GUARANTEE

that any work undertaken by me will be done in such a manner and at such prices for

GOOD WORK

that will give satisfaction to all who may favor me with their orders.

L. KLEIN, Author of "The Watcher"

14-1y

You Can Save Money

By buying your PIANOS and ORGANS from the undersigned Manufacturers' Agent, for the best brands in the market. Instruments shipped direct from the Factory. CHAS. A. SHULTZ, Tuner, Lock Box 1743, Oil City, Pa. 2-1y

A GOOD WIFE.

George Brown at the age of twenty-three took himself a wife; or rather, he and Hattie took one another, for better or for worse. But then they knew it was going to be for better, always, and never worse. How could it be otherwise, when they understood each other so well? They had married young, and they had but little of this world's goods, to commence with. But they had health and strength, and they were going to work together, and build them up a home of their own in time.

"We will be saving," said Hattie, "and, in the end, we may reach the goal." The goal was the home which they were to own. "We shall not scrimp nor deny ourselves of necessary comforts; but we will do without luxuries. By thus economizing in the morning, we may find a store to spare in the evening. Money is like time; an hour gained in the early day is a great thing, while an hour lost may not be regained."

George saw and understood, and he was as eager as his wife. He was determined to put all his energies into the work, and in the future he saw foreshadowed promises most bright. He had taken of his uncle a small house, which he was to pay for when he was able. He had no doubt that he should be able to pay two hundred dollars a year on it; and at this rate, as his kind relative had offered the bargain, the property would be his own in six years.

"George," asked Hattie, one evening, at the tea-table, "what do you pay for this tea?" "I declare, Hattie, I don't know. I don't believe I asked."

"What! Did you not ask?" "No, I have every confidence in Mr. Skidd. He is a perfectly honorable man."

"But did you not pay for it?" "No; I have opened an account there." Hattie shook her head disapprovingly. George saw the motion and went on: "You know that I am paid monthly, and I thought it would be just as well to keep a monthly account at the store. Mr. Skidd himself preferred that plan."

"I can readily see why Mr. Skidd should prefer it," said the wife, with a significant smile. "In the first place, he knows that you are an industrious, steady and honorable man, and that whatever you owe you will certainly pay. He knows that."

George was flattered, but he felt that his wife had spoken no more than the truth. "And pursued Hattie, 'he knows one thing more. He well knows that you would buy more on credit than you would for cash.'"

George made a deprecatory motion, but his wife continued: "Mr. Skidd knows. He is old in the business. Over his profitable customers, who open monthly accounts upon his ledger, he has decided advantages. He can persuade them to buy what they would not buy if they had to pay the cash down; and, where they are to have credit—where the trader is to have the extra labor and expense of entering and posting each separate article, and, in the end, of making a full bill of items—the buyer cannot, with a good conscience, demand any reduction from asked prices."

George smiled and said he thought his wife was mistaken. He was sure he was doing well. It would be inconvenient to pay for each little article as he ordered it. And furthermore, it would be handier to settle the store bills when his employers settled with him.

Hattie did not press the matter. She had brought the subject upon the tapis, and she was willing to await the development of events.

"By the way, Mr. Brown, do you not want a box of these figs? They are fresh; I will warrant them, and by the box I will put them up cheap." So spoke Mr. Skidd, the store-keeper. George knew that his wife was very fond of figs, and he loved them himself. And he consented that a box should be sent to him.

On another day Mr. Skidd said: "Ah, Mr. Brown, my dear fellow, have you tried this golden syrup?" George had not tried the syrup! The best quality of molasses had hitherto answered his purpose. But he was permitted to try it.

On another day: "Look here, Brown; shall I send a dozen of these Messina oranges? A new cargo just come in. You won't get 'em so cheap again. Only thirty cents!"

Only thirty cents! And George knew how fond Hattie was of oranges. Of course George Brown would have them.

And so the days passed on, and the month came to an end. George Brown was paid by his employers, and set at once about paying others. On his

way home he called and got Mr. Skidd's bill.

"You can take and look it over," said the trader, with a patronizing smile; "you'll find it all right."

George had intended to pay the bill then and there. But, when he saw the long columns of figures, and glanced his eyes at the total, his heart leaped up into his mouth. He was astonished; he had thought to himself, as he had come along, that Skidd's bill would be about twelve to fifteen dollars. After paying everything else, he would have twenty dollars left, which would satisfy this last demand, and leave something over. He had just commenced house-keeping, and did not expect to save much at first.

But, mercy, how all his anticipations were knocked in pieces as he looked at the bill. He told Skidd he guessed he would look it over, and on his way home he examined it; he could find nothing wrong in the items—but the sum total was a poser—twenty-six dollars and forty-two cents.

For a long time after he reached home he tried to convince Hattie that there was nothing the matter with him; but at length he plucked up courage, and drew forth Skidd's bill. He had expected that his wife would be paralyzed. But on the contrary, she only smiled and said it was all right.

"All right?" echoed George. "All right, so far as Mr. Skidd is concerned," said Hattie. "You remember what I told you once before; and now let's sit down and eat supper, and then we will look the matter over."

And after supper they went at the work, Hattie taking the bill and a piece of blank paper, and following all the items with her pencil.

"First," she said, "is a box of figs at fifteen cents a pound. It was very cheap, no doubt, but the eight pounds came to a dollar and twenty cents. Had you been required to pay the cash, you would not have bought them. You would, at least have asked me if I liked them, and I should have told you—No. Next we have a gallon of golden syrup, which we did not need and for which you would not have paid cash without consulting me."

And so she went on throwing out articles and cutting down the bill to less than fifteen dollars.

A dollar here had not seemed a great deal to George; and a dollar and a half there; then seventy-five cents, and then only fifty cents; but there had been twenty visits to the store during the month, and the aggregate of these trival sums was considerable.

George saw the whole thing, and he knew his wife had been right from the first.

"Don't say a word," he said. "I see the mistake. But I'll have to work around into the right track by degrees!"

"How so, George?"

"Why, I haven't enough money left of my month's wages to quite pay this bill, so that I shall be unable to enter upon the cash principle at present."

"There need be no difficulty in that direction," said Hattie. "I have not spent quite all my little capital. I had already fixed it for a bit of a nest egg; and I don't know as it could be put into a better use than the laying of a foundation for cash payments. At any rate, George, let us try it for a while."

George kissed his wife and said she was a blessing, and he promised that he would follow her advice in the future. He took the sum of money which she had given and held it as a loan, which he was to return at the earliest moment. And he felt an ambition to see how speedily he could do it.

And on Monday morning the new rule of life went into operation. George Brown paid Mr. Skidd's bill, and told him that thereafter he should pay for everything he bought. The store-keeper "pooh-pooh'd," and said there was no need of it.

"Bless you, my boy, I would as lief trust you as not."

"I do not doubt it, Mr. Skidd, but I prefer not to be trusted. I would rather consume my own groceries than consume yours. A bill is an evil at best, and I don't choose to have evils growing on my hands if I can help it."

have heretofore added up against me. And he found it so. And he found one thing more in his favor from cash payments which he had not particularly counted on. As he had the money in hand to pay for the articles which he had planned to purchase, he could buy them where he could get the cheapest. Traders are not willing to lose cash customers, and they do only the fair thing when they sell to such customers cheaper than they sell to others. Not only is the interest of the money an important item in the aggregate of money accounts, but the keeping of that account, in day-books and ledger, is an expense. George very soon learned all this. And he found that Mr. Skidd sold cheaper to him during this month of cash payment than he had during the previous month.

And, as the months rolled on, George Brown opened no more accounts with traders. He found that, in paying cash, he was constantly reminded of the value of each separate sum as he counted it out, and hence was not likely to purchase what he did not need. And then he had a goal ahead which he had determined to reach as quickly as possible. And, by his system of cash payments, he could estimate, at the close of every day, the gain he was making toward the desired end. In two months he paid what he borrowed from his wife, and she put it into the common fund; and in five years his home was his own, and he owed no man anything but for love and good will.

HIS NEW CATECHISM.

Boobbie was sitting quietly in the shadow of the well-house reading a dime novel. His mother called out to him five times to bring in some stove wood, but he was so absorbed in the tale that he imagined he heard only the Indians calling for more wood to pile around the "White Lilly," about to be burned at the stake. But his father came around under the well-house shadow and demanded to know: "What book is that, sir?"

Boobbie remembered that the old man couldn't read and that he was awfully down on dime novels, so he replied: "It's my new catechism, sir?"

"Exactly!" said the old man, and pointing to the picture on the back: "What's that picture thar, sir?"

"Why, that's the angel in the burnin' bush, pa; I thought you'd a know'd that!"

"It's a nasty, stinking dime novel, that's what it is!" interposed Boobbie's ma.

And the next minute Boobbie was spinning round like a fellow hung with a shirt collar, and the old man was fanning him with a slipper, and asking Boobbie all these hard countrudrums:

"That's a new kattykism, eh? And the angel in the burnin' brush heap, eh? And now I reckon you think you're 'Lishy sailin' round in a char-yot ov fire, don't ye? Or Shad rack, Meshack, an' 'Bednegro in the fiery furnace, eh? Or mebbe you feel like Isak on the wood pile, don't you, young man?"

And when the old man finished and Boobbie had carried in the wood, he went down to the horse lot and remarked that he felt like one of the foxes that sot the corn fields afire.

A PATRON LOST.

A German subscriber to the Journal recently called to advertise a lost cow, and according to the long established custom of this well regulated print shop, we immediately wrote up the notice and figured up the cost of publication.

"Vat ish dat?" asked our friend placing the end of his whip on our little sum of multiplication.

We informed him that it would cost him so much for advertising his lost cow three weeks.

"You make me pay for dat?" "Certainly; we always take pay for advertising."

"You takes pay eh? Vell, dat ish von big shvindl. I shoribe nit dat Shournal bapers dese tree years, und now you sharge me yoost for vou leetle advertise uv mine gow."

"But we—" "You shtop my Shournal bapers."

"But you—" "You shtop mine Shournal bapers und I got some oders, by shiminy, und you gome de little end dat horn out."

"But, see here, my friend—" "I go rit away und don't got sheated mit you, by krashus. Tink you got some sleep mit a vessel, doud you? Sharge me yoost for advertise von gow! It was better uv you don't got me mad ven I gome here, und I scribe mit dat Shournal more as tree year, but you makes me mad und you shtop mine baper before I got it next time. Dat ish vat man I am kind uv, by shiminy!"—E.

JUDGE NOT.

We have no right to judge others until we know of the circumstances that influence their conduct. In many cases we might act like those we condemn, under like circumstances.

A young man employed in a printing office in one of our large cities, incurred the ridicule of the other competitors, on account of his poor clothes, and unsocial behavior. On several occasions, subscription papers were presented to him for various objects, but he refused to give his money.

One day a compositor asked him to contribute for a picnic party, but was politely refused. "You are the most niggardly man ever employed in this office," said the compositor, angrily. "Stop," said the young man, choking with feeling, "you have insulted me."

The other compositors gathered around the excited man. The young man looked at them for a few minutes with a faded look, and a strange fire in his eyes. "You little know," he said, "how unjustly you have treated me. For more than a year I have been starving myself to save money enough to send my poor blind sister to Paris, France, to be treated by a physician, who has treated many cases of blindness similar to hers. I have always done my duty here in this office, and have minded my own business. I am sacrificing everything in life for another. Would either of you do as much? Can any one do more?" He had been judged without a knowledge of circumstances. Be slow to censure and condemn. We cannot read the heart of others, and, in many cases, to know all, is to judge all. "Judge not, that ye be not judged."

THE PRINCE OF WALES' DEBT.

The London correspondent of the Cincinnati Commercial says: There is a pretty general impression that under this Indian visit there lurks a scheme for putting about £100,000, at the very least, into the Prince's pocket. The Prince, notwithstanding an annual income of £120,000, cannot keep out of debt. How he manages to spend so much money is so mysterious as to amount to a scandal. His residences and estates are provided for him, and are untaxed, and were he to give a dinner party every day in the year to twenty princes, at twice the price per head of a lord mayor's banquet, it would not cost a third of his income.

The report was circulated that he was burdened with expenses by the queen's withdrawal from court; but the queen has taken pains to have it reach the public that the prince has suffered no pecuniary loss on her account.

Some little time ago repeated efforts were made to feel the pulse of the country to find if it would be safe to pay the prince's debts without showing the vouchers. These efforts were successful; the pulse of the country was felt, and revealed plainly that it would not be safe. Efforts to raise his income were equally fruitless.

A DUTCH VICTORY.

A crowd of young chaps about town were in one of the popular beer saloons yesterday, where they met a jolly old German, who often gets thoroughly soaked in beer and maudlin funny.

"Hello, Kaiserlicher, have you heard the news?" said one.

"Nein! vas ish das?" "The water works are busted!" "Vell, dot's bad mid dem teabrance bupples, don't id, boys?" (Laugh all round.)

"Yes, and the rolling mill's gone up!" said another of the boys.

"Vell, shoost doud got skeered poud dot; it's so heffy dot it goom down agin, eh?" (A grand peal of laughter.)

"And—and—the ice machine has exploded!" cried a third.

"Ish dot bin possible? Den dot's bad midoud some misdake, and it don't rain midoud it pours—de vasser out—de rollin' mill ub—no more ize—unt all you young shackasses broke out of de shtable lot! Dot makes me gry!"

And nobody thought it necessary to laugh at this point.—E.

A certain clerk in a Western village recently made the following comment on Pocahontas: "Pocahontas was a great man; Pocahontas was a kind-hearted and true man." "Hold on," cried his companion; "Pocahontas was a woman." "She was, eh?" said he. "Well, that's just my luck. How am I expected to know? I never read the Bible."

"Time softens all things," except the young man who parts his hair in the middle and whistles on the street cars. Nothing can make him any softer than he is.

A fat girl in Rome, N. Y., aged 17, weighs 300 pounds.